O D E,

ON THE

BIRTH-DAY

OF

HIS MAJESTY, GEORGE III^d,

King of Great Britain, &c.

By CHARLES FRANCIS BADINI.

" *Propoſitum eſt mihi Principem Laudare, non Principis*
" *facta: nam laudabilia multa etiam mali faciunt; ipſe lau-*
" *dari, niſi* OPTIMUS *non poteſt.*"

C. Plin. Pan. Traj. dict. Lvi.

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BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

O D E.

I.

'TIS a fond trance, like Heſiod's dream;
My Soul's inſpir'd, on Pegaſus I fly;
A God-like MONARCH is my theme:
O GEORGE, to reach thy worth, I mount the Sky;
The Clouds I ſhoot, the Winds I ride;
Fame flies before, and is my guide:
Envy and Death, with all the ghaſtly train
Of mortal cares, purſue my flight in vain.

II.

II.

And now I ſee the bliſsful plains,
The Sacred Majeſty of Jove appears!
Celeſtial Orpheus aid my ſtrains,
Attune the Harp, while Angels move the Spheres:
Let all the Holy Spirits join,
To raiſe the Harmony divine;
Let all Mankind reſound our MONARCH's Birth,
Who bleſt with Peace and Freedom the whole Earth.

III.

Rejoice BRITANNIA: to thy Lord
Burn up the incenſe of thy grateful praiſe;
His fortitude has broke the Sword
Of all thy Rivals: his unerring ways,
Of Liberty the Nectar gave;
And he made Victory thy ſlave;
Humble on thee, the nobleſt Triumphs wait,
And juſtify the Pride that calls Thee Great.

IV.

Immortal KING, thy glorious Fate
Young Ammon ſhar'd, but ſtain'd with human blood;
Demons and Furies ſtile him Great,
While peaceful, ſmiling Angels call thee Good:
To bleſs thy Country, thy chief Plan,
And to protect the Rights of Man:
'Tis Heav'n has crown'd thee Monarch: Right Divine
Is Blaſphemy through all the Realms but thine.

V.

Philoſophy, that ſtrives to free
The World from Bondage, from the Tyrant's rod,
Bends to thy Throne, and finds in Thee
The ſacred Repreſentative of God;
To teach the perfect Monarch's art,
She points the Goodneſs of thy Heart:
O let all Princes imitate thy Grace,
To ſave and bleſs for e'er the Human race!

VI.

VI.

The Laws, on thy Majeſtic Brow,
Like lovely Cherubs, hold thy triple Crown:
Thy Wiſdom makes all Bleſſings flow,
The wond'rous Manna now again rains down.
Inſtead of Thunderbolts, thy Hand
Diffuſes Mercy through the Land;
Juſtice and Truth, out of thy Goodneſs grown,
Stand the Nemæan Lions of thy Throne.

VII.

Proſperity, her golden ſmile
Ne'er ſhew'd as in thy Reign; thy Royal Head,
To ſet the glories of this Iſle,
Like Jupiter, brought forth the blue-ey'd Maid;
The Goddeſs, to diſplay her Wit,
Aſſum'd th' Immortal Name of PITT.
A STATESMAN, wiſer in the Bloom of Age,
And more experienc'd than the Pylian Sage.

VIII.

VIII.

Thy Conſort ſuits with Cæſar's Mind,
  Blameleſs, unblam'd, by Calumny forgot:
No prying Teleſcope could find
  In her effulgent Rays a ſingle Spot:
    Her noble Heart, born for the Throne
    Th' Immortals fram'd out of thy own;
With many Stars, the Mirrors of her Grace,
She rais'd the Brightneſs of the BRUNSWICK RACE.

IX.

Thou needſt no Sword to watch thy Pow'r,
  Fear is diſarm'd of all her poiſon'd Stings;
The People's Love, the firmeſt Tow'r,
  Secures the true Divinity of Kings:
    Hence free from Clouds, thy Reign ſerene
    Preſents the bright Olympian Scene,
E'en bold Therſites' turbulence ſtands mute,
Tam'd by thy Goodneſs, as by Orpheus' Lute.

X.

Yet lo! bent on ſeditious Strife,
WALCOT, the Ravaillàc of Virtue Crown'd,
Sharpens a Lyre, like frantic Margaret's Knife,
Thy gracious Majeſty to wound!
Pander of Treaſon, loſt to Shame!
Of PINDAR he uſurps the Name,
And while he tries to cloud thy Beams Divine,
The Dogg'rel Wretch blaſphemes the ſacred Nine.

XI.

His Rhymes, the Rattle of a Snake,
Still want the Poiſon of their Parent Beaſt,
Contempt and Pity they awake,
The ſtinking Worms of Lethe born to feaſt.
I know, the ſacred Britiſh Laws
Are eager to defend thy Cauſe,
But Meaſures mild thy pious Thoughts ſupply,
And make thy heart averſe to hurt a Fly.

XII.

XII.

Religion, ruler of thy Thoughts,
  Leads thee to ſcorn the Machiavellian Art;
Thy Charity's a Cover to our Faults,
  And Mercy ſits implanted in thy Heart:
    By thee Prerogative withſtood
    Serves but to fix the Public Good;
In thee a Father all thy Subjects find,
Thou art the Righteous King of Zeno's Mind.

XIII.

Could but thy Life, thou beſt of Kings,
  For e'er preſerve thy ſacred precious Breath,
And like thy Virtues, on the Wings
  Of glorious Fame, fly from the Snares of Death!
    But Kings muſt reach the Stygian ſhore:
    The Sun himſelf ſhall riſe no more.
Thy Years ſo dear, alas! ſhall ceaſe to roll,
And the grim Cave eclipſe thy radiant Soul.

XIV.

XIV.

O let the Hand of Clotho ſtay
Her barb'rous function, till the ripeſt Age
Bring forth fair England's fatal Day,
Of Libitina then to blunt the Rage,
On a bright Pyramid of Fame,
Eternity ſhall write thy Name;
While hoary TIME, to warn all future Kings,
Shall ſtamp thy glorious Image on his Wings.

THE END.